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LARKS.

All day in exquisite air
The song clomb an invisible stair,
Flight on flight, story on story,
Into the dazzling glory.

There was no bird, only a-singing,
Up in the glory, climbing and ringing,
Like a small golden cloud at even,
Trembling 'twixt earth and heaven.

I saw no staircase, winding, winding,
Up in the dazzle, sapphire and blinding,
Yet round by round, in exquisite air,
The song went up the stair.

—Katharine Tynan in "The Wind in the Trees."

Rosa of Tannenburg.

A Story Begun by a Father and Ended by a Daughter.

The castle of Tannenburg was like all castles of its time, strongly fortified and surrounded by high walls and a deep moat. In an upper room, one warm summer day, Rosa and her father sat together. The knight had just come home from the wars, badly wounded, and Rosa, a fair haired girl of 17, sat by him working over her gayly colored tapestry.

"Father," she said, "tell me the story of how you got the chain round your neck."

Rosa had heard the story a hundred times before now, but she never tired of hearing it any more than the old knight of telling it.

"When I was a page at court," began the knight, stroking his long, gray beard, "a great tournament was given in honor of a French prince who came to visit the emperor. There I saw your mother for the first time, and so lovely was she that she was elected to be the queen of beauty, and was to give the prize, a golden chain, to the victor. I loved her from the moment I saw her, and her beauty gave me such strength and daring that I came out first in the games, much to the chagrin of the young baron of Odenwald, who opposed me fiercely in the tourney. He was, like myself, a suitor for the hand of the queen of beauty, and when I finally won her for my bride he swore that he would have revenge on me."

"But," interrupted Rosa, "his castle is only 15 miles from us, and he has done us no harm yet."

"Yes," answered her father; "that was many years ago, and he has now a young wife and two children, but he still hates me bitterly, and"

A loud clamor in the courtyard interrupted the story, and on looking out of the window to their consternation they saw the very man they were speaking of, the baron of Odenwald, and his soldiers marching up to the castle doors. The knight's soldiers were still at the wars, and the few old men left to guard the castle had been easily overpowered by the fierce baron.

Rosa screamed with terror. She heard the tramp of armed feet coming up the stairs. In came the haughty baron of Odenwald and ordered his men to bind and carry off the wounded and helpless knight of Tannenburg. In vain were Rosa's tears and prayers. The unfortunate knight was hurried off, Rosa turned out of the castle, which was looted and then locked up, and the poor girl left weeping and disconsolate.

All night she wandered through the dark pine forest till she came to a charcoal burner's hut, where she was taken in and kindly treated. Days passed by, and Rosa longed to see her father once more and perhaps help him to escape. Accordingly one day she stained her face with brown berry juice, changed her own pretty dress for a peasant's coarse cotton gown, and with a large basket of mushrooms on her arm started off for the castle of Odenwald.

The sentinel, seeing only a harmless little peasant girl, let her pass over the drawbridge and through the castle gates. She walked up to the porter's lodge, where the porter's wife stood in the doorway scolding her children. The baron of Odenwald was extremely fond of mushrooms, and the basketful was soon bought and paid for by the porter's wife.

"Will you not stay with me and help me look after the children and cook the food for the prisoners?" she asked after a few moments' chat with Rosa. "I need a young, strong girl like you, and I will give you a new dress every year if you will stay."

Rosa accepted the offer eagerly, and her duties, none too light, began that very day. She had to light the fire in the morning, dress the children, help the porter's wife cook the most unsavory soup for the prisoners of the castle and do many things. One day the porter came to his wife and told her that he was obliged to go away with the baron for some days and that she would have to take the prisoners' food to them besides cooking it.

"No, indeed," replied his wife. "There are murderers and thieves in those cells, and I will not go near them."

"Let me go," begged Rosa. "I will do it for you."

"Very well," said the porter, rather surprised at her request; "come with me and I will show you how to unlock the doors."

Together they went down a winding flight of stone steps, opened a door heavily bolted and barred and down a long, dark corridor dimly lighted by the porter's lantern. On one side were small stone cells, behind whose iron gratings wild, cruel faces gleamed in the light of the passing lantern. Hideous oaths and fearful laughter followed them, and Rosa shrank, frightened, to the porter's side.

"Do you fear them?" he said. "They cannot possibly escape. This man, however, is good and gentle, and you can go right into his cell." He stopped in front of one of the gratings and held up his lantern. Rosa's heart beat fast and loud. There on a wretched heap of straw lay her father, asleep, pale and emaciated. She longed to call to him, but remembered that she must be silent before the porter, and they left him sleeping and walked back through the long corridor, bolting the heavy door behind them.

The next day Rosa took into the prisoners the bowls of unappetizing soup, pushed one under every grating and finally came to her father's cell. Unlocking his door, she pushed in and knelt by the sick man's side. "Father! father!" she cried. "Rosa!" exclaimed the knight, recognizing his daughter in spite of the brown stain and rough dress. He took her in his arms and together they wept over their terrible misfortunes. Then Rosa told her father all her adventures since she had been carried off, until the sound of the great bell of the castle, coming dim and muffled through the thick dungeon walls, warned her that it was time to go back to the porter's wife.

Twice every day Rosa brought food to the prisoners and thus saw her father. Escape, however, was not possible. The walls were too well guarded and as the days slipped by the poor knight grew worse and Rosa despaired.

One morning the castle was filled with noise and busy movement. The news that the baron was to return that evening with a large company of guests flew from mouth to mouth. So excited were they all that the nurse maid forgot her precious charges, the baron's two little sons, who were playing in the courtyard while she gossiped with the scullery maid over the coming event.

A bright blue and yellow butterfly flew across the yard and away went the two children after it. The butterfly settled for a moment on the edge of the bucket dangling over the well. The eldest of the children clambered up, stretched out his little hand to reach the gay plaything, lost his balance and fell in. The baroness at the window saw and fainted at the sight. Men and maids rushed up, and among them Rosa. Down in the dismal depths of the well they peered and saw that the little fellow's coat had caught on a sharp stone projecting half way down the well. Rosa saw that the coat was already beginning to tear, that there was no time to be lost, and, jumping into the bucket, told the men to let her down gently till she reached the boy. Soon the child was safe in her arms and the bucket, with its occupants, carefully brought up to the mouth of the well.

It was not many hours after that the Baron of Odenwald, sitting in the great hall of the castle with his guests, heard the story of his son's narrow escape from death and Rosa's plucky act.

"Bring the girl here!" he commanded, and Rosa was brought in, her rough peasant dress contrasting with the gay costumes of the knights and ladies in the hall.

"Girl," said the baron, "you saved my son's life. Ask what you will of me and I will give it to you."

"Baron of Odenwald," answered Rosa boldly, "there is one favor I will ask of you. Give up your prisoner, the knight of Tannenburg, to me."

"No, no! Not that!" frowned the baron.

A murmur went around the hall from the guests, "Your word, your honor!" and the baron turned pale with chagrin and rage. By his order the wounded knight was brought up from the dungeon. Astonished and almost blinded by the bright light, he gazed around him, while Rosa quietly put her hand in his.

"My daughter, what does this mean?"

"His daughter!" murmured the guests once more.

The whole story then came out. A reconciliation was effected between the knight and the baron and the property of the former restored to him.

Some days later Rosa and her father sat together in an upper chamber of the castle, the knight with the glow of returning health on his face, Rosa in a pretty little silk gown and the brown berry stain completely disappeared.

"Father," said Rosa, "this is a happy ending after all to the story of the golden chain."

"Yes, dear," answered her father. "I began the story, but it was my brave little daughter who brought it to this happy termination."—Pittsburg Press.

Easily Recognized.

Charles Dickens delighted to tell stories of John Forster, the writer and editor with whom he was much associated. Mr. Forster had so peremptory and so decisive a manner that it impressed all who came in contact with him. His servants were kept in perfect and almost abject submission to his wishes, and yet he showed many kindnesses to them, and they were greatly attached to him.

The story runs that on one occasion a cabman called at the printing office and was unable to give the name of the person who had ordered him to come at a certain hour, without fail.

The office porter asked for a description of his fare, and the cabman stated that he was "a stout gentleman." To this the porter replied that there were several stout gentlemen in the office and inquired whether this one was tall or short.

"I don't know which you'd call him," returned the cabman. "I don't take special notice; but there can't be two like him; he's that there harbitrary cove!"

The porter summoned Mr. Forster without hesitation and found he had made no mistake. When the story leaked out, nobody enjoyed it more than the "harbitrary cove" himself.

Same Thing.

Cholly—Love me, love my dog, you know.

Mabel—I should be just as likely to love your dog as to love you.—San Francisco Examiner.

IN THE LIBRARY.

The fire is dim, the light is low,
And silent in my easy chair
I sit and dream, and fancies flow
About me in the darkling air.

The walls with books are covered well;
Quite to the ceiling high they rise,
And in the darkness I can tell
Where each beloved volume lies.

But now they seem to live and move,
And faces from their bindings stare,
And all the authors that I love
And their creations fill the air.

They never speak; their eager eyes
Look for companions never found,
As each into the darkness flies
In turn and makes no sound.

And groups float by, but never gaze
Upon each other; all intent
On unknown errand go their ways
Or stand in mute bewilderment.

What are ye—real or feigned things?
And will ye live some grander life,
When we who breathe have lost our wings
And fallen, silent, in the strife?

And who are greatest—those who found
A city grand, a palace high
Or those who till the spirit ground
Of fancy that can never die?

For men may live and do and dare,
Yet fade away, by all forgot,
But these creations, fair and fair,
Live on and perish not.

—From Watson's "Songs of Flying Hours."

THE VOLUNTEER.

A Sketch of the Cuban War.

With the intensity of a tropical day the sun seemed to expend its entire force of furnace heat upon the unsheltered spot in front of Santiago, where lay a grievously wounded American soldier boy. The wide, tortured eyes of the youth stared fearfully upward to the glazing zenith, past the foul birds watching his sufferings with calculating vision and waiting for their human feast which seemed sure to come. He thought with sickening brain of his northern home—the green hills, the running streams, the dear mother. Tears welled up into his aching orbs, and the hot drops crept down his cheeks. He did not try to wipe them away. He could not. A Mauser bullet had struck him in the thigh, another in the right arm and another in the left. He was helpless. But what matter! The dead could not see, and the mother would probably never know how he had nobly fought even to the gates of death. At his feet lay the dead body of a Cuban, black and burly, slain by the bullet of a Spanish sharpshooter. For these Cubans he was dying, for them he had come to help free the island from the tyranny of Spanish rule.

Then he recalled the events of that day at San Juan hill. The American troops had been on their feet since daybreak. There was a scanty breakfast, and as the men ate it there were indications of the coming clash of arms. The files on the march to the firing line were closed up. Every sense was alive. The bugle sounded, and then came the order to advance. The tempest of musketry and shrapnel through which they moved forward drove like a storm of steel into the faces of the men, but nothing could resist the imperious advance, and the first line of the enemy was swept away.

The battle grew. Here and there a soldier went down, but the column stood firm. The officers marched close by the men. Sometimes through the smoke they caught a glimpse of the colonel leading on in front.

The din increased. The earth seemed reeling underfoot. Shells burst with horrid shriek and flung out quick death. Still the men pushed on. An officer picked up the gun of a man who had fallen and spoke a cheery word.

The Spanish artillery and the far-reaching Mausers swept within a certain limit every inch of ground, but with a firm and rapid step that unflinching column moved forward.

Louder grew the tumult, and thicker came the angry messengers. A sharp cry of pain, and one of the men is helped to the rear. The bullets came hotter and faster from the Spanish in the trenches and from the blockhouses. More comrades stretched out quietly with the death mark on their faces. There was no time for words—only a mad swelling of the heart and a throbbing of the brain. A deadly thirst for blood dried up all other feeling as another man was lifted back.

Suddenly a cool voice they had heard before rang out an order: "Come on, boys! Charge!" And the thin line rushed through the smoke and advanced up the hill. With a cheer they answered the fiery blast that swept into their faces with sudden fury. The air seemed instinct with leaden life, and volley after volley pealed forth from the deadly rifles.

For one awful moment the men faltered! Groans of agony and hoarse commands mingled, and all around American soldiers lay down to die. But the check was only momentary, and on into the jaws of death the column went. Every man leaned forward as though breathing a heavy wind. From right, left and front they felt the pounding of the enemy's guns, and shrapnel swept through the ranks like hail.

On the summit of the hill the blockhouse swarmed with the foe, dimly seen through puffing lines of smoke from our guns. The Spanish were intrenched—Americans in the open. But never mind! Forward! And soon the foreign foe was driven back and the stronghold captured.

Half way down the slope, as the victors pursued the flying enemy, a withering blast of Mauser bullets swept across the open ground, and the boy who now lay dying in the open space in the tall grass fell forward with a ball in his thigh. A comrade ran to his assistance, and he made his way painfully to the rear, but as he passed along another Spanish bullet struck him in the right arm, and presently he was wounded in the left. Then his day of battle was done, and the black hours of unconsciousness followed.

When reason returned the sounds of battle had ceased, and he wondered where his comrades were. Were they all dead? Would they search for him? He was alive, but he knew that death would come in a few short hours. How hot the sun beat down! How still everything seemed to him—no whizzing of bullets in the air, nor shriek of screaming shell, nor the yell of charging troops—nothing but the silence of an ocean of grass. There was the dead Cuban lying at his feet—a ghastly bunch of mortality. How big and black he was! His eyes were staring at him like balls of glass! What were they staring at him for? The night was coming on apace—would he have to lie in the tall grass until the morrow? He could not tell. And then the dark cloud again settled o'er his senses and it was hours before the light came into his soul.

Death's door is a mirror and the dying have good memories. When consciousness returned the boy's mind went back to his home. He wondered if all was well on the old farm, where he and his mother and brother had lived in peace until the war with Spain called him to the front. He had a letter in his pocket from home—he would read it again. But, alas! he could not reach his pocket—both arms were disabled and in the inky darkness he could not see.

How long since had he left home? Three months! only three months! And now he lay dying in his young manhood. He remembered the morning that he left his home. The birds were singing and nature was at her best. The fields were clothed in green and the brook softly murmured over the pebbles at the bottom. He had donned his new uniform, and he felt a little sharp pang as he left his home. He remembered it all very well.

"Goodby, Bill," he had said to his brother. "Take good care of mother."

"Look out for Spanish bullets and bring back a machete," said Bill.

"I'm off, mother."

"Goodby, my son. Be brave and serve your country like a man." Then she embraced and kissed him, and the parting was over.

The old house cat rubbed against him and purred as if to bid him godspeed. His faithful old dog followed him down the lane, but with stern words his master drove him back. At the edge of the town a blue eyed, fair haired girl stood at the gate. "Are you really going to fight the Spanish, John?"

"Yes, Helen, and I have come to say goodby." There was then a hasty kiss, a warm pressure of hands, and thus he left home.

Everything was so hushed and dark now. Was the whole world dead? Why was he lying helpless here? How had it happened? Then he remembered—the furious charge across the open field, up the hill and over the crest in the face of a rain of Spanish bullets. The air hummed and whistled. From the trenches and blockhouses the Mausers spit at them. Then the blow came to him. It was a terrible shock. It seemed to lift him from his feet and double him up and pitch him forward; then the painful journey to the rear, two more bullet wounds, and then unconsciousness.

Now he was dying in the darkness. How strange it all was! That dead Cuban—how black he looked, and how his eyes glared! There was a tiny hole in his forehead where life had leaped through. Some one was crying for water. Was it himself? He could not tell. The night was getting cold, and the heavy dew made the tall grass soggy. There were no stars to watch him. Would nobody help him? Hark! That was his dog howling, and how loud it was!

How weak and dizzy he felt.

"Goodby, Bill."

He could not see. Everything was growing dim.

"Farewell, mother! Helen"—

And the deep, dank grass waved a weeping requiem to another brave young soul.—Detroit Free Press.

Cut and Run.

"Cut and run" originated in a peculiar custom of the Egyptian embalmers. A low caste was employed to make the first incision in the corpse, a process viewed with much dislike by the people, who held him accursed who should mutilate the dead. As soon as the fellow had made his "cut" he had to run through a storm of curses, stones and sticks. He "cut" for a living and had to "run" to save his life.

The true origin of the expression "to dun a man" is curious. In the reign of Henry VII a bailiff of Lincoln named Joe Dun was so active and clever in collecting debts that it became a proverb when a person tired to avoid payment, "Why don't you Dun him?"

"Hobson's choice" is derived from one Hobson, who used to let out horses for hire, and who obliged every person who wanted one to take that next the stable door, being the one that had taken the most rest.—Chicago Tribune.

America In Old World Eyes.

"Last year," says the Chicago Times-Herald, "the United States occupied only 44 pages of the space in the world's great annual, 'The Statesman's Year Book,' and these followed Turkey in the alphabetical arrangement of its contents. This year 282 pages and four maps are devoted to what amounts to a comprehensive register and review of our government, politics, commerce, industry, social condition, resources and progress. And as if to emphasize the new departure the new data precede all the rest and have a special index of their own. Such is the revolution wrought in the old world attention to American affairs by the remarkable year of stress and expansion through which we have just passed."

AN UNCANNY STORY.

ORIGIN OF THE "SOULLESS MONSTER OF FRANKENSTEIN."

The Interesting History of an Old Time Novel That Is Often Alluded to In Literature and at Times Quoted Incorrectly.

Everybody, or nearly everybody, has heard of the novel of "Frankenstein," though it is not probable that many persons read it nowadays. There are so many allusions to it in our literature, however, that one absorbs some sort of a notion of it so that he cannot help knowing that it is a weird and ghastly story about a monster, but whether or not Frankenstein is the monster even well informed people do not always know, showing that they never read the story.

Sometimes we hear allusions to "Frankenstein's monster," as in one of Charles Sumner's orations, where he speaks of the "soulless monster of Frankenstein, the wretched creation of mortal science without God," and sometimes the reference is to Frankenstein only, as if he were the monster. Of course Sumner, who was very particular in his use of figures of speech, was right. When Mrs. Deland, in her fine novel of "Sidney," makes Major Lee say that "Christianity is a Frankenstein," she suffers the major to talk nonsense.

The story of this weird novel and the circumstances under which it came to be written are decidedly interesting and may be told in a few words. The facts are as follows:

In 1816 Mary Godwin, afterward Mrs. Shelley, eloped with Shelley, and they took up their residence near Geneva, in Switzerland. They had Lord Byron for a neighbor, and the three passed much time together. Their conversation frequently ran on the occult and the mysterious, and Byron one day proposed that each should write a ghost story. All agreed and went to work, but it was not long before the two poets gave it up as a hopeless task. They could write poetry, but they could not write stories.

Mary persevered and completed her tale in the spring of 1817. When Byron and Shelley heard it read, they were surprised and delighted. It was bound to be the novel of the century! The name of it was "Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus." It was immediately sent to London for publication and met with a great success.

Frankenstein is a Swiss youth, a student at the University of Ingolstadt, deeply interested in the study of chemistry and natural philosophy. He resolves to penetrate the mysteries of life and death and wrest from nature the secret of creation. After prolonged study he succeeds and discovers how to impart movement and animation to lifeless matter.

He then resolves to mold a colossal man, making him beautiful in form and feature and imbue him with life. He carries on his work in a studio far from the habitations of man, labors long and secretly, and at last the work is completed. There in the great room lies the form and semblance of a human being, perfect in all his proportions. Frankenstein relates the story:

"It was on a dready night in November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony I collected the instruments of life around me that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet.

"It was already 1 o'clock in the morning. The rain pattered dismally against the window panes, and my candle was nearly burned out, when, by the glimmer of the half extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open. It breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs."

Slowly the immense creature arose, and the artist, frightened at his own work, fled away. Then he returns to find his creation possessed of life and every attribute of humanity except a soul. Nowhere can it find human sympathy. It is out of harmony with all things about it, and after searching the world in pursuit of happiness it returns again to Frankenstein and demands that he make a companion with whom it can live in sympathy and love.

Frankenstein declines, and thenceforth the monster pursues him with hatred and revenge. It slays his brothers and sister, his friend and his bride. It follows him to Russia, to Siberia and into the Arctic ocean, and there creature and artist perish together. It is a most uncanny story to read o' nights.

Sir Walter Scott reviewed the novel in The Quarterly, but while admitting its power confessed he did not like it. "Our taste and our judgment revolt at this kind of writing." All the critics agreed as to its daring originality.—Chicago Post.

Domestic Sarcasm.

He (at breakfast)—My dear, the paper says there was quite a fire in our block early this morning. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

She—Well, don't let a little thing like that worry you.

He—Why, what do you mean?

She—Nobody will ever accuse you of building it.—Chicago News.

A Perfectly Natural Question.

"Pat," said his young wife, "I wish you wouldn't put your knife in your mouth when you eat."

"An phwere would yez nev me put it," said Pat in astonishment, "in me eyes?"—Harper's Bazar.

Flowers are the terrestrial stars that bring down heaven to earth and carry up our thoughts from earth to heaven, the poetry of the Creator written in beauty and fragrance.